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MIDDLETOWN, NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

NO. 41.

Select Poetry.

OCTOBER.

There comes a month in the weary year—
A month of leisure and peaceful rest;
When the ripe leaves fall, and the air is clear;
October: the brown, the crisp, the blest.

My life has little enough of bliss:
I dread the days of the old year;
Counting the time that shall lead to this—
The month that opens the hunter's heaven.

And oh! for the mornings crisp and white,
With the sweep of the clouds upon the track;
The bark-roofed cabin, the camp-fire's light,
The break of the deer and the rifle's crack.

Do you call this trifling? I tell you, friend,
A life in the forest is past all praise;
Give me a dozen such months on end—
You may take my balance of years and days.

For brick and mortar bread fits and crime,
And a pulse of evil that throbs and beats;
And men grow withered before their prime,
With the curse paved in on the lanes and streets.

And lungs are choked, and shoulders are bowed
In the smothering rock of mill and mine;
And death stalks in on the struggling crowd,
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

And of all to which the memory clings,
There is naught so sweet as the sunny spots
Where our shanties stood by the crystal springs,
The vanished haunts, and the lucky shots.

—From THE ATLAS for October.

Popular Miscellany.

THE GRANGERS AND THE CRASH.

The Farmers' Movement and the Dishonest Element.

It is, of course, only prejudice in favor of gamblers, cheats, and confidence in men like Jay Cooke & Co., which impels certain Eastern organs of monopoly and its handmaid, speculative swindling, to say that "the farmers' movement in connection with the establishment of granges has had much to do in precipitating this crash." But what if the allegation be true? What if instead of being merely one of the causes which have "precipitated a crash" that must, in the inevitable nature of things, have come sooner or later, the farmers' efforts to restrict the railroads in their exactions be the sole and only cause which has precipitated the crash?

Let us take this roaring bull by the horns, and not seek to dodge it by any sort of evasion. What is this "crash," and its meaning? The London Times told the whole story when it said: "It is an effort of the fiscal system to get rid of its dishonest elements." It is, then, an honest and earnest response of the fiscal system to the farmers' movement, which is an effort of the political system, that includes the fiscal system, to get rid of its dishonest element.

The dishonest element in the fiscal system is admirably represented by the Jay Cooke sort of financiers, though the genesis of the dishonest element is found far behind all such persons, in that financial lie of the federal government which says that a promise to pay a dollar is itself a dollar. And who are the Jay Cookes? Men whose business activities consist in obtaining money under false pretences. The Northern Pacific Railroad schemes was only one in a thousand, huge "confidence games" to enable swindlers to get something for nothing. The very same organ of monopoly and swindling which asserts that the farmers' movement has done much to precipitate the bursting of the monstrous bubble of fraud and deception, confesses the truth in words deprecating the "fever of excessive speculation which has given rise to so many vast and ruinous railway schemes, professedly undertaken with the object of developing the resources of the country, but really no more than ingenious devices for the accumulation of enormous fortunes for their projectors." Such accumulation, it should be added, to complete the truth, being wholly at the cost of the labor industry of the country. The whole process consists in taking something from men who have labored for it and giving it to men who have not earned it. Any person from the rural districts who, on a visit to New York or Chicago, has been relieved of the contents of his pocketbook by a genteel appearing but vulgar, swindler called a "confidence man" has had an individual experience of that mode of "developing the resources of the country" which the Jay Cooke confraternity, aided by the federal government, have been practicing upon the whole American people ever since the passage of that measure of unspeakable scoundrelism—the so-called "Legal Tender Act."

The Northern Pacific Railroad was projected by a ring of confidence swindlers for the purpose of swindling the people out of nearly 100,000,000 acres of land by building a railroad (to be also owned by the swindlers) with money to be earned and paid by the people to be thus swindled. The Union Pacific and Central Pacific and Kansas Pacific, and the Lord hardly knows how many other so-called "national highways," had proved successful swindles of the same kind: the Northern Pacific swindlers were encouraged by the success of the kindred gangs. They would build a rail at some 2,000 miles in length, through a "howling wilderness," where not in a half a century could a railroad be made to return a single farthing on its cost; but they would "develop the resources of the country"—which means that by persistent lying and misrepresentation they would induce people to go into that wilderness and buy

back at \$6 an acre the land which an incorruptible Congress had voted to the swindlers for nothing (or for a few shares in the swindle judiciously "placed where they would do the most good") and give them five bushels of wheat for carrying one bushel over their road, and thus pay the whole cost of the road out of the earnings of their dupes, "the people," and take their places among the grandest money nabobs of earth, own government and be regarded as "public benefactors!" To carry out this stupendous confidence swindle the "confidence men" got a charter authorizing a capital of \$100,000,000, but requiring only \$2,000,000 to be subscribed, and only ten per cent. of that amount to be actually paid in, making an actual available capital of only \$200,000—not a fifth part of the cost of surveying the route.

But unlimited power to issue bonds would furnish the money, which the dupes who were expected to pay \$6 an acre for the wilderness and five bushels of wheat for carrying one bushel to market would pay, principal and interest, out of the products of their labor. So these pattern Tigg Montagues proceeded to "show" their bonds on every money market in Christendom where they could hope to find a man with more money than mother wit. Their course of procedure was characteristic of the men and the fraudulent scheme. It was especially in religious publications that their lying advertisements were to be seen. It was under the patronage of "Young Men's Christian Associations" that these sharpers piously recommended Northern Pacific bonds to their customers as "better than government securities." Pets of the federal Treasury Department, with branch banking houses in all corners of the earth and "freedom's savings banks" wherever there appeared the chance of handling some ignorant negro's small earnings, "with a psalm-singing paradise at Put-in-Bay and a gorgeous palace at Chilton Hills, these nabobs, with their saintly and sordid surroundings," succeeded by agencies of thorough dishonesty in disposing of \$85,000,000 of their paper securities, half of them to pay interest on the other half! What is their security? They have built 400 or 500 miles of railroad altogether; they have bought some rolling stock, tools, &c., amounting, all told, (according to *Poor's Railroad Manual*), to the cost value of \$15,804,374.22. Besides this they have "earned" (that is, are entitled, under the terms of their swindling charter, to land warrants for) 10,000,000 acres of their land subsidy. Reckoning the land at government price, (quite as much as could be got for it under the hammer) and all other assets at cost price, and it appears that the assets of this confidence concern amount to \$28,054,374.22, against an indebtedness of some \$85,000,000. And of "available assets" but one dollar.

Such are the utterly rotten character and worthless foundation of this Northern Pacific confidence swindle, whose timely explosion has exhibited to the country in all its lurid ghastliness the volcano of corruption, fraud and chicanery on which rests that false appearance of things which the "farmers' movement" has done much to precipitate the bursting of the monstrous bubble of fraud and deception, confesses the truth in words deprecating the "fever of excessive speculation which has given rise to so many vast and ruinous railway schemes, professedly undertaken with the object of developing the resources of the country, but really no more than ingenious devices for the accumulation of enormous fortunes for their projectors." Such accumulation, it should be added, to complete the truth, being wholly at the cost of the labor industry of the country. The whole process consists in taking something from men who have labored for it and giving it to men who have not earned it. Any person from the rural districts who, on a visit to New York or Chicago, has been relieved of the contents of his pocketbook by a genteel appearing but vulgar, swindler called a "confidence man" has had an individual experience of that mode of "developing the resources of the country" which the Jay Cooke confraternity, aided by the federal government, have been practicing upon the whole American people ever since the passage of that measure of unspeakable scoundrelism—the so-called "Legal Tender Act."

Did Not Want His Insurance.

A Story told by Daniel Webster.

"Soon after I had commenced the practice of my profession in Boston," said Mr. Webster, "a circumstance occurred which forcibly impressed upon my mind the sometimes conclusive eloquence of silence; and I wondered no longer that the ancients had erected a statue to her as to a divinity. A man in New Bedford had insured a ship, lying at the time at the wharf there, for an amount much larger than its real value, in one of our insurance offices in Boston. One day news arrived in Boston that this ship had suddenly taken fire, and been burned down to the water's edge. It had been insured in the Massachusetts Insurance Company, of which Gen. Arnold Wells was president and myself attorney. General Wells told me of the misfortune that happened to the company in the loss of the vessel so largely insured; communicating to me at the same time, the somewhat extraordinary manner in which it had been destroyed.

"Do you intend," I asked him, "to pay the insurance?"

"I shall be obliged to do so," replied the General.

"I think not; for I have no doubt, from the circumstances attending the loss that the ship was set on fire with the in-

tention to defraud the company of the insurance."

"But how shall we prove that? and what shall I say to Mr. L., when he makes application for the money?"

"Say nothing," I replied; "but hear quietly what he has to say."

"Some few days after this conversation, Mr. Blank came up to Boston, and presented himself to General Arnold Wells at the insurance office. Mr. Blank was a man very careful of his personal appearance, and of punctilious demeanor. He powdered his hair, wore clean ruffles and well-brushed clothes, and had a gravity of speech becoming a person of respectable position. All this demanded civil treatment; and whatever you might think of him, you would naturally use no harsh language toward him. He had a defect in his left eye, so that when he spoke he turned his right and sound eye to the person he addressed with a somewhat oblique angle of the head, giving it such a turn as a hen who discovers a hawk in the air. General Arnold Wells had a corresponding defect in his right eye.

"I was not present at the interview, but I have heard it often described by others who were. General Wells came out from an inner office, on the announcement of Mr. Blank's arrival, and fixed him (to use a French expression) with his sound eye—looking at him seriously, but calmly. Mr. Blank looked at General Wells with his sound eye, but not steadily—rather as if he sought to turn the General's right flank.

"They stood thus, with their eyes cocked at each other, for more than a minute before either spoke; when Mr. Blank thought best to take the initiative. 'It is a pleasant day, General Wells, though rather cold,'

"It is, as you say, Mr. Blank, a pleasant, though rather cold day," replied the General, without taking his eye from its range.

"I should not be surprised, General," continued Mr. Blank, "if we should have a fall of snow soon."

"There might be more surprising circumstances," Mr. Blank, than a fall of snow in February."

"Mr. Blank hereupon shifted his foot, and topic. He did not feel at ease, and the less so from the desperate attempts to conceal his embarrassment.

"When do you think, General," he inquired, after a pause, "that Congress will adjourn?"

"It is doubtful, I should think, Mr. Blank, when Congress will adjourn; perhaps not for some time yet, as great bodies, you know, move slowly."

"Do you hear anything important from that quarter, General?"

"Nothing, Mr. Blank."

"Mr. Blank by this time had become very dry in the throat—a sensation, I have been told, one is very apt to feel who finds himself in an embarrassing position, from which he begins to see no possibility of escape. He feared to advance, and did know how to make a successful retreat. At last, after one or two desperate and ineffectual struggles to regain self-possession, finding himself all the while within point-blank range of that raking eye, he wholly broke down, and took his leave without the least allusion to the matter of insurance.

"He never returned to claim the money."

Conductor and Vice President.

At a certain period, some six or eight years ago, the officers of one of our principal railroads had good reasons for believing that some of the conductors upon a particular section of their road were in the habit of rendering inaccurate returns of their receipts from "way-passengers," and as they were unable to fix the delinquency upon the particular individuals, Pinkerton was employed to investigate the matter, and test the accuracy of their receipts. For the execution of this delicate service he selected a sufficient number of his best men to furnish four for every car in a train, one to be seated at each door and two in the centre of the car, the latter facing to the front and rear so as to see every person who went in or out. These men were directed not to recognize each other, but to pay their fares, and otherwise deport themselves like ordinary travelers. Each one was provided with pencil and paper, and instructed to keep an accurate record of every person that entered or left the cars, noting the stations to and from which they traveled, etc., so that if at the end of the trip their notes were in accord, it would be good evidence of accuracy. In this manner the major was enabled, in the course of a few days, to make a detailed report which showed conclusively that nearly every conductor upon the section of road under surveillance had been guilty of swindling. He also ascertained that one of these delinquents owned property to a large amount in Philadelphia.—Whereupon, as I was informed, Col. S., the vice president, sent for the man, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. —, how long have you been employed as conductor on our road?"

"About seven years, Sir."

"What pay have you received during that time?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"Do you own the house No. — upon Street?"

"I do, Sir."

"Have you other property in this city?"

"I have."

"What is its value?"

"Well, sir, I can't tell precisely, but it

is considerable."

"What estimate do you place upon your entire assets?"

"Something like forty thousand dollars."

"Were you the owner of any portion of this property when you entered our service?"

"Not a dollar's worth, Sir."

"You have a family to support, I understand?"

"I have a wife and three children."

"Will you do me the favor to inform me how you have been able in seven years to support your family and accumulate a fortune of forty thousand dollars upon a salary of eight hundred?"

"I have not the slightest objection to answer your question, Colonel S., provided you will suffer me first to propound a few pertinent interrogatories to you."

"Very well, Sir, I've no objections. What are they?"

"Will you, then, be so kind as to inform me how long you have been connected with the — Railroad?"

"Something like ten years."

"What, allow me to ask, has been your salary during that time?"

"I suppose it may have averaged about \$5000 a year."

"You have a family to support, if I am not mistaken?"

"Yes, Sir, I have a family."

"If it is not an improper question, Colonel S., will you suffer me to ask what is the amount of your fortune?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know precisely, but it is something handsome."

"Would you estimate it at half a million dollars, Colonel?"

"Yes, I dare say it is."

"That being the fact, Sir, if you will do me the favor to disclose to me the secret of the process by which you in ten years have been able to transmute \$50,000 into ten times that amount, without any visible means outside your salary, I will most cheerfully tell you how I have managed, by turning an honest penny now and then, to amass the comparatively insignificant amount I have named."

"That is all very well," replied the imperturbable vice-president, "but you seem to have forgotten that there is a slight difference between your status and mine upon the — Railroad, in that you are responsible to me for stealing the company's money, whereas I am not accountable to you for my transactions."

In view of this fact, it now becomes my duty to inform you that your services are no longer required upon our road."

The factious conductor, probable antipathetic result, and with his characteristic coolness remarked: "In that event, Sir, it may at some future time become necessary for me to seek employment upon another road. Would it be asking too much for you to give me a letter setting forth your estimate of my ability to perform the duties of conductor?"

"If you desire it, I certainly have no objections to giving you a testimonial to the effect that I look upon you as the most unscrupulous and unblushing knave that ever disgraced the catalogue of our employees, and that any company having anything to do with you will be morally certain to be robbed."

—From *Harper's Magazine* for October.

The Devil's Canon.

IN THE CALIFORNIA GEYSER REGION.

There are no spouting fountains in the canon, but numerous bubbling springs, that sink and rise with spasmodic action. These number a hundred or two, and are of varying temperature and constituents. A few are quite cold, closely adjoining hot springs; while others have a temperature of 100 to 207 degrees. Some appear to be composed of alum and iron, others of sulphur and magnesia, while a few are strongly acidulous. Here the water is pale yellow, like that of ordinary white-sulphur springs; there it is black as ink. The mingling of these different currents, with the aid of frequent steam injections, intensifies the chemical action, the sputter and fuming, that are incessantly going on. These phenomena are not confined to the narrow bed of the gorge, but extend for a hundred or two feet in places up its sides, which slope at a pretty steep angle. These slopes are soft masses of rock decomposed or slackened by chemical action, and colored brilliantly with crystallized sulphur, and sulphates of iron, alum, lime and magnesia, deposited from the springs and jets of steam, which are highly charged with them. As the rocks decompose and leach under the chemical action to which they are subjected, the soft silicious mass remaining, of a putty-like consistency, mixes with these salts. Some of the heaps thus formed assume conical shapes. They have an apparently firm crust, but are really treacherous stepping-places. One of the most remarkable steam-vents in the canon is in the top of such a pile, fifty feet up the steep slope. It blows like the escape-pipe of a large engine. The beautiful masses of crystallized sulphur which form about it, as the innumerable small funnels that occur along both banks, tempt one to dare to climb, and face the hot steam. The mass shakes beneath the tread, and is probably soft to a great depth. Wherever in these soft heaps a stick is thrust in, the escaping warm air soon deposits various salts. Of course a walk over such material is ruinous to boot and shoe leather, while the splash of acid waters often injures the clothing. Every-

body stops to gather specimens of the various salts and rocks. The guide presents to be tasted pure Epsom-salts (sulphate of magnesia,) and salts of iron and alum, and soda and ammonia. Few care to taste the waters, however, which rival in their chemical and sanitary qualities all the springs of all the German spas together. Perhaps the most remarkable of the Geyser springs is that called, happily enough, the Witches' Caldron. This is a black cavernous opening in the solid rock, about seven feet across, and of unknown depth, filled with a thick inky liquid, boiling hot, that tumbles and roars under the pressure of escaping steam, emitting a smell like that of bilge-water, and seems to proceed from some Plutonic reservoir. One irresistibly thinks of the hellbroth in *Macbeth*, so "thick and slab," and repeats the words of the weird sisters:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble."

A clever photographer, Mr. Muysbridge, conceived the idea of grouping three lady visitors about this caldron, with hands linked, and alpenstocks held like magic wands, in which position he photographed them amid the vaporous scene with telling effect. Another notable spot is the Devil's Gristmill, where a large column of steam escapes from a hole in the rock with so much force that stones and sticks laid at the aperture are blown away like bits of paper. The internal noises at this vent truly resemble the working of a gristmill. Milton's hero is sponsor for another spring called the Devil's Inkstand, notable for its black waters, specimens of which are taken off in small vials, and used at the hotel to inscribe the names of guests on the register.—From *The Geysers of California*, by Benj. P. Avery; Scribner's for October.

Paul and Virginia.

It was during the French occupation of Mauritius that the terrible shipwreck took place which furnished the material for St. Pierre and the motive for his beautiful and touching love story, *Paul and Virginia*, the scene of which is laid in this island. In 1741 drought and a plague of locusts had occasioned a terrible scarcity in Mauritius, then called the Isle of France, and the following year the *St. Germain* was sent out from the mother country, richly laden with provisions, to the relief of the starving colonists. About four o'clock one fine afternoon Round Island was sighted from the ship, and the captain, M. De la Marre, wished to profit by a fine moonlight night to enter what is now known as Tombau Bay, or the Bay of Tombs, but was persuaded to lie outside until morning. Ignorant of the coast, the officer allowed the ship to drift during the night upon a dangerous reef about a league from the land. The sea was always run high there, and the *St. Germain* was driven with great violence among the breakers.

Every effort was made to lower the boats, but some were crushed by the falling masts, and others were swept away by the waves. In a short time the keel was broken in two, and the ship became a total wreck. At the captain's request the chaplain pronounced a general benediction and absolution, and the "Ave Maria Stella" was sung. Then ensued a scene of indescribable confusion. Numbers of the crew flung themselves into the sea, grasping planks, oars, yards; but the heavy waves tore them from their frail supports, and nearly all perished. A brave sailor named Caret made great efforts to save the captain, whom he implored to take off his clothing; but M. De la Marre, who displayed in this catastrophe much greater personal courage and piety than seamanship, refused to do so, on the ground that it did not become the dignity of his position to land without his uniform. Caret at length succeeded in placing his captain on a plank, and by swimming landed, endeavoring to get him safely to land. Encountering a raft on which some of the crew had sought refuge, the captain thought he would be safe with them. He left the plank, and succeeded in reaching the larger support. Caret plunged to avoid collision, and on rising to the surface again was horror-struck to find that the raft with all on board had been engulfed.

On board the *St. Germain* were two lovers, Mlle. Mallet and M. De Permon, who were to be united in marriage on reaching the island. The young man, as anxious and agitated as the girl was calm and resigned, when the others left was making a sort of raft on which to save her who was dearer than his own life. On his knees he implored her to descend with him on to the frail but sole hope of safety; and to insure a greater certainty he begged her to take off the heavier part of her garments. This she steadily refused to do. When he found his most earnest solicitations vain, and all hope of saving her lost, though she entreated him to leave her, he quietly took from a pocket-book a tress of her hair, kissed it, and placed it on his heart. With his arm round her to shield her as far as he could to the last, he calmly awaited the terrible catastrophe at her side. Nor had they long to wait for they were soon washed from the deck. Their bodies were picked up the following day, clasped in the close embrace in which they awaited death.

This touching incident formed the groundwork of the beautiful story over which so many tears have fallen. Mauritius was then but little known, and St. Pierre's pictures of its life and scenery were all drawn from imagination; but the story has invested the far-off island with

an atmosphere of romance. Two structures at Pamplonousses known as the tombs of Paul and Virginia are still shown to visitors—two dilapidated piles of brick, still betraying traces of whitewash on their crumbling sides. When visited by Mr. Pike, who had been asked by a romantic young lady to gather for her some flowers from the tombs, he found the surrounding grounds converted into an impassable swamp by recent rains. Romance is evidently at a discount in Mauritius.—S. S. Conant, in *Harper's Magazine* for October.

DEATH OF BARNUM'S RHINOCEROS.—Dying Struggles of a Monster.—Early Monday afternoon Barnum's large rhinoceros, then on exhibition in Philadelphia, gave signs of unusual excitement, and presently began a vigorous assault upon the iron bars of the cage, vainly endeavoring to break through, and soon after died. The Philadelphia *Telegraph* says:

"The struggle of the great brute drew a crowd around the cage, but when the furious assaults of the enraged animal, and it became evident that there was great danger of its escaping from its confinement, the feeling of curiosity gave way to that of fear, and when the huge monster, with a terrific snort and powerful upward thrust with its head, carried away the top of the cage, ripping it off as though it was thin gauze, the crowd became paralyzed with fear. Women and children shrieked in terror and sought safety in flight, while strong men stood speechless before the danger that threatened them. The struggle of the dying animal were fearful to behold, but fortunately were of short duration. As it was the cage was torn and shattered so as to render it unfit for further use, and had the proxymies continued a few moments longer, loss of human life might have resulted. The dead animal was the largest one of its species in the country, and cost nearly twenty thousand dollars. It is understood that it died from a fit. The corpse will be sent to the Smithsonian Institute for preservation.

Paying Debts.

He who murders, burns or steals, strikes at the comfort or perhaps the very existence of society; so murder, robbery, and arson are among the capital crimes. In a commercial society, too, like our own—like every civilized society, indeed—it is essential that money lent or earned should be paid; for money as the representative of all values and convenience becomes the source of all obligation, the type of all fulfillment. That which can count and multiply, cipher and register, we prize and reverence; of that which escapes such material record we take such heed as we choose.

So we pay tithes of mint and cummin, and settle away the debts which the tax-gatherer overlooks. But in the fretful arena the surest refutation of the optimist's premature chant of praise over the wondrous progress of the age. Far on in the future may come a time when the type shall be subordinated to the thing typified—when we shall be as restless as the thought of owing a duty as a dollar—when a secret shall be more sacred than a bill of exchange, and love and mercy and justice outweigh all drossier shekels in our finer balance. Till then the world will go its old, stupid, inconsistent, blundering way, and only the sweeter souls, the fine and choice spirits who look beyond its coarser standard, will know the lofty joy which lies in the real, not figurative, paying of debts.—Scribner's for October.

A courteous man often succeeds in life, when persons of greater ability fail. The experience of every man furnishes frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made fortunes for physicians, lawyers, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a prepossession in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women; it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men often injure themselves by irritability and consequent odiousness; whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men, equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

A Colorado correspondent writes: "Our butcher is a graduate of Yale; one of the gentlemen working in the printing office is a graduate of Cambridge, and winner of the Bishop's medal for proficiency in the classics; a ranchman near here is the son of a general in the British Army, and a near relative of George Stephenson, of railroad fame. Four other ranchmen are the sons of a former governor of Bengal, who is still very wealthy. Two are the sons of an eminent London banker. A graduate of one of the universities manages a dairy, and attends to most of the milking personally."

Lucy King, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, became engaged to six young farmers, and on a certain day called them all together and told them to fight for her hand. She married the remnant of a man who was left standing at the close of the contest.

Wit and Humor.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* tells this story about the late Jesse Hickman, which has never before appeared in print.

On another occasion, *Beau* being on a train without a ticket, he took a seat in the cars, and after the train had been in motion some time, stepped into the next car and called out loudly "Tickets!" when every one, thinking him the conductor, held out their tickets. *Beau* only took one, however, selecting that of an honest old German farmer, and passing into the next car, took a seat, sticking his ticket in the band of his vest.

In a few minutes there was a usual call again of "Tickets!" and the real conductor made his appearance. When he came to the old German farmer, he attempted to explain; but the conductor cut him short, saying, "show your ticket, pay your money, or get off the train." A good many passengers who had witnessed the transaction between Hickman and the farmer, and wondered at the time why their tickets had not been called for, now came to the relief of the German, and remonstrated, protesting that the man had paid, and the conductor who had just passed through, had already taken up his ticket. The conductor, thinking for a moment, said, "I'll bet *Beau* Hickman is on this train!" and, sure enough, on entering the next car, there sat *Beau*, as large as life, looking quite innocent, and his ticket exposed in full view.

"Where did you get this ticket?" asked the conductor, pulling it out of Hickman's hat band.

"It was given me by a gentleman in the next car," frankly replied *Beau*.

"You ought to be ashamed to rob a poor German farmer in that way."

"Polite! and cleverest person in the world on your road," said *Beau* with his inimitable smile and little bow. "Why, would you believe me, sir?—I only needed one, but every man in the car when they knew who I was, tendered me his ticket; and the ladies—God bless them!—at least a dozen offered me theirs."

The conductor passed him.

AFTER THE "PURP"—A good story is told of a Methodist minister, while attending a protracted meeting. The minister's wife was sickly, and on his way to the church he called on one of his neighbors who was making sausages, and the good lady of the house rolled up a few links in a paper and gave them to the minister to take home to his wife. He placed them in his coat pocket, and went to church. While standing on the steps of the church conversing a little dog accented the sausages, and kept jumping up and catching the dominie's pocket, jerking it pretty lively, and he pulled the puppy away several times. But going in and entering the pulpit, he took up the bible to commence the services. One of the deacons, wishing to speak to him, walked part way up the pulpit stairs, and reaching up, caught the minister by the coat-tail giving it a jerk to have him turn round, but instead of doing so he gave a tremendous kick backwards, taking the old deacon in the face, and tumbling him down stairs, and without looking around, thus executed himself to his laughing audience: "You must excuse me, my dear hearers, but I have a few sausages in my pocket, and that plucky puppy has been trying to steal them ever since I have been here."

HOW HE GOT TWENTY DOLLARS—A preacher in a frontier settlement had been collecting money for a church pig-sty. There was still twenty dollars wanting, and after vain efforts to make up the deficiency, he plainly intimated as he locked the door one day after service, that he intended to have that left twenty dollars before any of them left the house—at the same time he set the example by tossing a five dollar bill on the table.

Another put down a dollar, and another a half dollar and so on.

The parson read out every now and then the state of the funds. That's seven and a half my dear friends. "That's nine and a quarter." "Ten and six bits are in that hat, friends and Christian Brethren." Slowly it mounted. "Twelve and a half. Fourteen. Fifteen. Sixteen and three bits," and so on, until it stuck at nineteen dollars and a half. "It only wants fifty cents, friends, to make up the amount. Will nobody make it up?" Everybody had subscribed, and not a cent more was forthcoming. Silence reigned, and how long it would have lasted, is difficult to say, had not a half a dollar been passed through the open window, and a rough explanatory voice shouted:

"Here, parson, there is your half dollar, let out my gal. I'm about tired o' waitin' for her."

THE FASHIONS—A Danbury man's order for his wife's hat is a novelty in its way. She was sick and couldn't go for the hat, so he drove in himself. He told the

